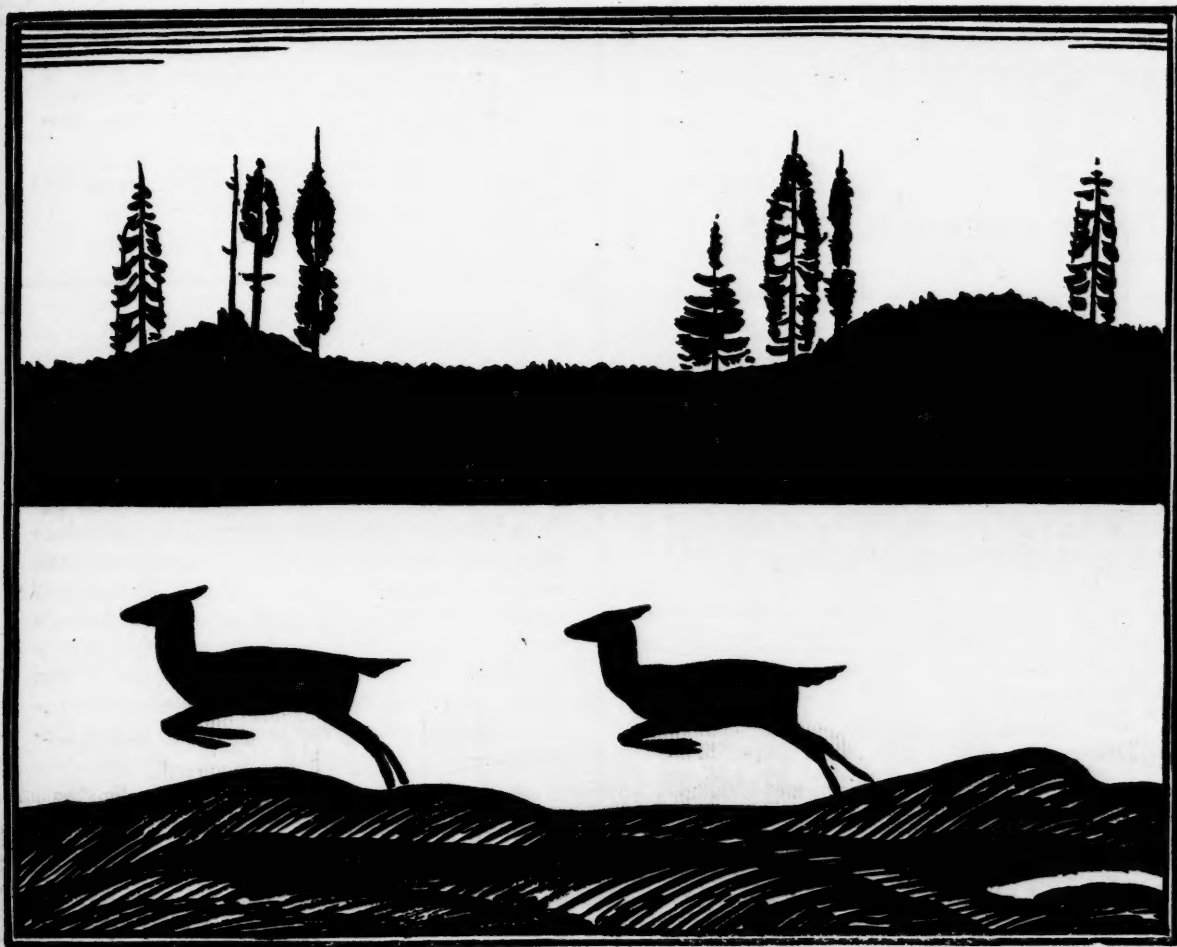


# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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### The Fate of the Liberal Party

A COMMON forecast of political oracles is that the coming election in Britain will fall heavily on the Liberal party, which is already tottering like a decrepit Janus under the burden of two hoary heads. It is prophesied that it will be drained of still more of its strength, and will present a wan and shrunken appearance when it re-enters the House it dominated so short a time ago. It is not improbable that its malady (which seems to be malnutrition) may be fatal, and that it will shortly pass from public life forever. The forces which created it are spent, and its creed no longer suffices to attract those imbued with the true fire of Liberalism. The Liberal Party has grown old, and, like individuals, has grown conservative with age. Its driving force in its great days was supplied by Radicals, and the radicals of to-day find a more congenial environment in the ranks of the Labour Party. The few that are left in the Liberal camp may transfer their allegiance to the new party of progress, while those who are radical in name only may follow Mr. Winston Churchill down the primrose path. In that event the result would be a realignment of forces more in harmony with reality, which would be all to the good. It is probable that the average Englishman, who likes a straight fight with two in the ring, would be glad to return to the two-party system; he would know then 'where he was at'. And now that the Labour Party has had the *cachet* of 'office' he will not easily be induced to share Mr. Churchill's belief that its permanency presupposes Bolsheviks rampant in Merry England. As somebody once said, 'Britons never shall be Slavs.'

I N Canada we have a Liberal Party strong enough to hold its grip on power for longer than parliamentary sages would have deemed possible when it took office. It would be rash to predict that it is doomed to follow the Liberal Party of England into the limbo of forgotten things, yet there is a dark possibility that such may be its fate. It is no more liberal in essence than the Mount Royal club; it is dominated by the Quebec group (which is solidly Liberal in name, but essentially conservative in texture) and many of its members would feel as much at home on the Conservative benches as they do in the company of Mr. Mackenzie King—who may be the grandson of a little rebel, but could never be the grandfather of one. If the Progressive Party can increase its strength sufficiently to take its own course, it may recruit enough converts from the Liberal ranks to force the Laodiceans of the party into an alliance with the Conservatives that would end in a fusion. But it is doubtful if that happy event can happen while the so-called Progressive party remains in reality an agrarian group. What is needed in Canada is the mobilization of progressive opinion which Mr. Woodsworth advocates in an article printed elsewhere in these columns. We believe, as he does, that there are progressive forces in the country which, if directed into the right channels, might have enough strength to sweep a progressive party into a commanding position in the not distant future; but their mobilization will not be easy. We will be glad if readers interested in Mr. Woodsworth's project will use our correspondence columns to discuss its possibilities.



**Labour's Achievements in Foreign Policy**

**A** NEW spirit is gradually making its appearance in the relationships of the European powers with one another, and there is now distinct possibility that the damage wrought by the Treaties of Peace may be repaired. For six years Europe has been labouring to escape the débris of the old order which has fallen to pieces about her, but she has now taken a new lease of her life and has discovered the energy to commence the gigantic work of clearance and reconstruction. Some share in this change is surely to be attributed to the British Labour Government which, coming into office to inherit a legacy of hatred, fear, and despair, succeeded within a very short term of office in removing much misunderstanding and inspiring the will to recovery. These achievements will be remembered to its credit even if it is defeated by a hostile coalition in the present election.

**I**N coming into office Mr. Ponsonby, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared the intention of the Government to lay all treaties before the House for discussion and ratification, thus pointing the way to open diplomacy which is the life-blood of decent, healthy international intercourse. The acceptance of the Dawes Report by all the chief powers, through the London Conference, offers a temporary settlement of the vexed problem of reparations. Many people in Great Britain still hold the view that the prelude to any real international reconciliation must be an impartial inquiry into the origins of the war; and not only is Germany demanding this, but also informed public opinion in other countries, including France. Those who hold this view urge that the Dawes Report involves an injustice to Germany in fastening this huge burden upon her. General opinion in Great Britain, however, is hardening in favour of the Dawes Report and in praise of Mr. MacDonald's diplomatic success. It is no mean achievement to have made possible by a sympathetic, though firm, approach to France the expulsion of M. Poincaré and the installation of a new government representing the true mind of the French people. M. Herriot, supported by the French Socialists, while continuing to insist upon limiting reparations and security in the French sense, made it easier for the harassed German government to accept the solution afforded by the Dawes report as the only possible compromise. Even the Conservative press in Great Britain has expressed its appreciation of the merit of this performance.

**M**R. MacDonald was not the first to discover that there will not be permanent peace in Europe without the co-operation of Russia. Broadly, this opinion is shared by all parties, and the sole dif-

ference of opinion has been over the question of practicable methods for obtaining this co-operation. The Labour Government produced a good impression by giving formal recognition to the present Russian government at the very beginning of its career. It followed this by calling a conference of delegates of the two countries to discuss the obstacles to a true settlement and the nature of any working agreement. After protracted discussion and negotiation, in face of a hostile press, and despite a breakdown of the negotiations at the eleventh hour, the treaty was drafted and signed.

**T**HE settlement was frankly and evitably a compromise; but it laid down certain things quite definitely. It expressed mutual recognition of the necessity of peaceful relationship between the two great peoples, by helpful co-operation, without interference from either side with the internal affairs of the other; it gave Great Britain 'most favoured nation' treatment; the question of agreement as to outstanding debts and claims was left to be determined later, but the Russian representatives admitted that compensation should be paid to British nationals who suffered losses from the nationalization measures of the Bolsheviks. The whole question of mutual claims and understanding had been complicated by the reckless incursion of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, whereby British lives and money were wasted and immense damage was done to Russia. The Russian treaty embodied a provision that, in case the question of debts and compensation could be settled to the satisfaction of Great Britain (but not otherwise), the British government would ask Parliament to guarantee a loan to Russia. This loan which was not to exceed forty million pounds was to be used largely for the purchase of industrial equipment in Great Britain. It might therefore be expected to benefit both the under-equipped farmers of Russia and the unemployed manufacturers of machinery in Great Britain.

**T**HE third event which stands out in the record of British foreign policy during the past year is the protocol which has just been signed by all the forty-seven powers at Geneva, embodying the measure of common consent issuing from the League of Nations Assembly. The difficulties of the British and French governments had been largely smoothed out beforehand, and when the two Prime Ministers went to Geneva, it was clear that the lead given by Great Britain, and her obvious desire to concede as much as possible to French opinion, would produce tangible results. All sections of British public opinion supported Mr. MacDonald in his attitude to the League of Nations and the problem of French secur-



ity; and he voiced the mind of Britain in his opening speech at Geneva in asking for compulsory arbitration in the adjustment of disputes. The plan eventually adopted was again a compromise to pacify France. It differed from the American proposal for the outlawry of the warrior nation in that it provided for military security and coercive sanctions, but it does state that the nation in the wrong is the one which refuses to submit to arbitration. This was probably as much as could be hoped for when the present mood of Europe is considered, and it must be noted that it was agreed that a conference on disarmament should be called next June. Denmark has now set a conspicuous example by her proposal to disarm entirely, and it will be most interesting to watch future developments in the light of this attempt. If a serious conference is to be held on the subject of disarmament, it will involve the taking of a very definite stand by Great Britain and the Dominions, and the question of security must be faced as it really is.

ONE other fact deserves special mention as a footnote to this brief review of Labour's foreign policy. Since its accession to office, the Labour Party has been confronted with the military problem and forced to make a difficult choice. As a result of the work of its predecessors it has felt compelled to safeguard British interests in Iraq by the use of force, including the air weapon, and it has thereby hurt some of its best friends. Whatever may be the logical policy of a socialist government in regard to national defence, it is well that there should be no misunderstanding of the policy which the MacDonald government has actually followed.

#### Labour's Policy at Home

IN domestic politics, the record of the Labour administration has not been so spectacular; though it was by no means devoid of constructive achievement. Apart from such ameliorative measures as the removal of the 'gap' in the administration of unemployment relief, the aid given to old-age pensioners, and the various benefits conferred on the wage-earners, and indeed other classes as well, by the Snowden budget, three other not insignificant facts must be mentioned. Mr. Webb has ordered a complete census of production, and the Prime Minister has ordered two committees to report, one on the national debt, and the other on British export trade. On each of these a sound woman economist has been given a place.

PROBABLY the most important, though not by any means the most obvious or measurable reform, was that which accompanied the accession of Mr. Trevelyan to the Presidency of the Board of Education.

Mr. Trevelyan has endeavoured to stimulate local authorities to a fuller sense of their responsibility with regard to education, particularly in its elementary stages; he has given fresh hope to the teachers by allowing for the reduction in the size of classes from 60 to 45, and by attending the conference of the National Union of Teachers to explain his profound desire to raise the whole status of the teaching profession; and last, but possibly even more important for the immediate future of democracy in Britain, he has provided for a wider and more intensive measure of adult education by increasing the amount payable by the Board to Tutorial Classes run by the Board, the Universities, and local authorities, in conjunction with such voluntary organizations as the Workers' Educational Association.

BUT the essential parts of the Labour Party's domestic programme, such as the capital levy and nationalization, had to be shelved during its period of rule as a minority government. Not much had been done towards the relief of the housing shortage, and the great problems of unemployment and inequality in the distribution of wealth would soon have had to be faced in earnest by any Labour government which had not entirely deserted its fundamental principles. Action on any one of these questions would soon have led to a general election. While it seemed, on the surface, that the comparatively trivial affair of the communist prosecution had cut short the Government's career, the truth is that that career had not in any case much longer to run. The chief immediate issue may be the Russian treaty. Mr. MacDonald's motor car may serve as a window-trimming for the Conservative case; but the question now at issue is deeper than any of these things and is no less than the whole problem of social policy.

#### The American Constitution

A LAWSUIT has just been begun in New Orleans attacking the validity of the Fourteenth Amendment, which has been part of the Constitution of the United States for almost sixty years. The occasion of the suit is the appointment by the Republican administration at Washington of a negro as collector of customs for the port of New Orleans. The Fourteenth Amendment says that 'all persons born or naturalized in the United States . . . are citizens of the United States and of the state in which they reside, but the plaintiffs declare that the appointee is "a person of African blood and descent and is inherently incapable of being a citizen of the United States. They support this frontal attack by arguing that the amendment was never legally passed, since, as an aftermath of

the Civil War, eleven states were unrepresented in Congress, and three of the ratifying states after concurring passed resolutions of dissent before the amendment had been finally enacted. In spite of this the amendment has not hitherto been challenged, although it has been involved in over two hundred decisions of the Supreme Court. The present suit if successful would disfranchise every negro in the United States and it is impossible to imagine the Supreme Court admitting the contention, although the plaintiffs who are footing the bill must feel that their argument has more than an academic interest. Various Southern States have, in practise deprived the negro of his vote for almost fifty years, but there is a tendency nowadays to make such matters the subject of constitutional enactments, and the desire to make the constitution into a kind of omnibus bill seems to be increasing. If such be the case it is safe to predict that the Republic which glories in an almost inflexible constitution will find itself more and more under the necessity of choosing among the various available, and more or less circuitous, methods of changing its mind.

#### The Presidential Election

**W**ITH the World's Series safely disposed of, the American voter could pause to observe that the silent Mr. Coolidge has been riding in triumphantly on a mountain of straw votes. Whether that would help him much on November 4th has been difficult to determine, although the only question at issue among the prophets has been as to whether the Coolidge majority would be sufficiently large to prevent the final choice going to Congress. As the campaign progressed the failure of the other candidates to find an issue on which they could wage a winning fight has proved to be Mr. Coolidge's chief source of strength. Davis has tried oil, the tariff, the troubles of the Western farmer, the Klan and the League of Nations, but the electorate hasn't seemed interested in any of them. LaFollette has had the greater satisfaction of forcing Republican strategists from a policy of contemptuous silence to one of rather violent ridicule indicated by such jibes as the following: 'LaFollette prayed for a party and bedlam threw itself upon him. Such hopes as he had are being trampled down by a stampede of hyphenates, slackers, and denizens of the political jungles, by a rush of economic morons, political mattoids and self-starting cranks.' That is not the kind of language used against a man who is not worth bothering about, but it seems quite true that LaFollette's queerly assorted groups of followers have not yet gained the cohesion to warrant them being called a party. The prediction is made that party alignments will tend more and more to a separation between Conservatives and radicals, but there are few indications

that LaFollette's supporters will provide the nucleus of a permanent radical group.

#### The Ontario Plebiscite

**A** CURIOUS trait in our national psychology is evidenced by the fact that Prohibition has so dominated the mass consciousness in recent years as to become the one issue capable of rousing a torpid electorate. Canadians remain unruffled when their most prominent citizens are charged with conspiracy to defraud them and with theft of their funds, they can maintain a cold detachment towards questions of social justice, and remain unmoved by troubles that threaten the peace of the world, yet they can always be stirred to action by the question whether they are to buy their ordinary beverages from a wine-merchant or a bootlegger. In Ontario, during the campaign on the plebiscite, ordinarily stolid citizens flocked to the churches to hear sermons on 'The Booze Brigade' and similar texts, and then marched in columns under flaming banners in a holy crusade against beer. The Bolsheviks, who appear to be developing the same psychological trait, have recently made kissing an offence (and with such a hirsute people we can readily understand that there may be some reason in their attitude) but if they had passed a law making the use of soap and razors obligatory it would have been easier to enforce and more efficacious. There is a parallel to be drawn. The people of Ontario have once more endorsed their law that makes drinking an offence, but we hope that in time they will come to show a little more interest in the social troubles that have caused, and will continue to cause, drunkenness. The way to better social conditions is through education rather than legislation; but the root causes of intemperance should be investigated and an attempt made to evolve laws that will assist in their elimination. This will only be done if the electors can be induced to take the keen interest in other and greater social questions which they have taken in the past in the method of buying their drinks.

#### Anatole France

**J**ACQUES ANATOLE THIBAUT, long known to all the world as Anatole France, died on October the twelfth. The event was not unexpected, for he was not only greatly advanced in years—he was born in 1844—but since the spring of 1923 his strength had been declining rapidly, and during the last two months the end was looked for daily. The date will mark an epoch in the history of letters, as did the death of Voltaire in 1778 and that of Hugo in 1885. He, like each of them in turn, was the most illustrious as well as the most curious and interesting intelligence of his time. His death,

like theirs, will be mourned by hundreds of thousands of persons in all countries alive to the movement of thought. For many years, even to the day of his death, he was the idol of the masses of the French people. The younger generation especially loved his simplicity, his tenderness and his fearlessness. They saw in him not the detached curiosity of a subtle mind. They saw in him the maker of dreams concerning a new world based upon learning, labour and love, who detested the public platform but did not hesitate to mount it if a generous cause called for a champion. They loved his fight against vanity, pretentiousness and prejudice. They recognized in him the ancient spirit of their race with its moderation, its ironies, its mockeries and its high intelligence. They acclaimed in him the renewal of the national ideal of beauty and of the old divine harmonies of their tongue, lost for a century in the obfuscations of an overheated emotionalism. The translucency of his style corresponded to the niceness of his perceptions and the exactness of his information. For almost sixty years of intense activity this charming personality, strong in its gentleness, devoted itself and its genius to the service of the people—'I love men and the peaceful labour of men.' He will be buried with national honours.

### On Parliament Hill

By a Political Correspondent

**W**HEN the Premier and his lieutenants entrained for the prairies they doubtless expected to be hailed with enthusiasm by the tariff-ridden inhabitants. Yet while it is not on record that Mr. King encountered a single syllable of criticism for the new policies of last session, the reports have been barren of the slightest word of praise. Nowhere has any public recognition been given the Premier because of his tariff and railway policies. The west, as was to be expected, has turned out and, forgetting past favors, has held out the open palm for more. If the government seriously intended to take the kudos for the budget concessions to western opinion, the claim should have been entered long ago. Mr. King arrived on the Prairies, only to find his friends, the Progressives occupying the spotlight. To his chagrin, no doubt, he discovered that the quiet timid gentlemen who sit opposite in Parliament are transformed into roaring lions when they reach the little red school house and commence to give an accounting to the 'embattled farmers.'

I think this is one of the most important features of Mr. King's western tour. It has been shown quite clearly that however great the sacrifices the government may make to gain a foothold in the west, the effort will be fruitless. The Progressives have received and will continue to receive all the credit, whilst the belief that the government is dominated by the strong, silent men from the great open spaces will be strengthened. This is not to say that the tariff cuts of last session were a bid for the west's permanent sup-

(Continued on page 60)

### Diminishing Co-operation

By E. H. Blake

**I**T would have been surprising if the decision to abandon the conference on Imperial co-operation had evoked, in this country, any general feeling of regret. The trend of Imperial relations during the last two years has not been such as to stimulate much enthusiasm in Canada for a larger share in the direction of Imperial foreign policy. No person pretends that the existing state of affairs is satisfactory in any final sense; it represents, in fact, a particularly vague, transitional stage in the slow process of Imperial development; but most of us are content that our government should continue to utilize those familiar instruments of progress, the limited negotiation, the establishment of precedent, and the piecemeal extension of authority. It is difficult to see how, at the present juncture, a conference on co-operation would accomplish anything but a renewal of friction.

Co-operation is a vague term that has come to represent a definite tendency in Imperial development—the tendency that, before the war, found expression in the various plans for Imperial federation. Without federation, we used to be told, the Empire would collapse in the event of war; and now the same prophets predict dreadful things unless co-operation is accepted. It is they who are foremost not only in emphasizing the new status of the Dominions, 'the complete equality of partnership', but also in explaining how the full realization of that status will only come with the establishment of some system giving the Dominions 'an adequate voice' in the direction of Imperial affairs. Naturally this school views with covert displeasure any steps, such as the Halibut Treaty or separate representation at Washington, which tend to secure for a Dominion exclusive control of its own foreign policy. Similarly they are by no means happy about the Dominions' membership in the League of Nations, though the largely ineffectual conduct of that body has so far prevented the realization of their worst fears. On the other hand, they express deep concern at the exclusion of the Dominions from the British Empire delegations at international conferences such as Lausanne.

The meaning of all this is reasonably clear. The Dominions have, since the war, increased their control of foreign policy; but they have done so in the direction of exclusive control in a restricted field. As far as joint control in the Imperial sphere is concerned, they have actually moved backwards. Versailles, Washington, Lausanne reveal a steadily diminishing interest. The new Imperialists seek for many reasons to reverse this process. They hope to augment the weight



of Imperial policy, to tighten the Imperial connection, to distribute responsibility, and, most important of all, to secure some assistance with the burden of Imperial defence. The bait they hold out is co-operation.

In this matter of co-operation the war raised hopes which have come nowhere near to realization. At a time when even inveterate enemies among the allies were able to preserve a certain degree of unanimity in general policy, it was not strange that the Dominions and Great Britain should have been able to do so. At a time when policy had narrowed itself to a single agreed issue, no person was likely to be too particular about representation or voting power in the Imperial War Cabinet. The strain came, for the Empire as well as the allies, with the return of peace and the inevitable disintegration of war policy. A show of consultation was, it is true, maintained until the fiasco of Chanak put an end even to that attenuated measure. Since then the mere prospect of effective co-operation has been steadily receding, largely because people in this country have begun to realize that the general identity of interest, upon which co-operation of the kind suggested must rest, does not exist.

The prophets of Imperialism suggest that this difficulty would disappear if England eschewed European entanglements and concentrated on a distinctly Imperial foreign policy; and something like this suggestion received the endorsement of Mr. Meighen in the course of the last debate on the Treaty of Lausanne. A little reflection will serve, however, to show that it is just the Imperial aspect of English foreign policy that is most difficult to reconcile with Canada's (though not perhaps with Australia's) obvious interests. Canada has in fact a sufficiently direct interest in the peace of Europe to ensure her sympathy in England's traditionally liberal European policy. It is in Africa and in the East, where England pursues with the other great powers the race for economic Imperialism, that Canada has hardly any interest whatever. England's most distant markets, her reservoirs of raw material, her remote trade routes are hardly any of them ours. It is in fact impossible to assume an identity of interest between a highly industrialized power in the North Sea with vast commercial enterprises in the Orient, and a comparatively undeveloped agricultural country in North America; yet it is exactly on this assumption that we are asked to co-operate in Imperial affairs.

In these circumstances it is hardly necessary to consider the constitutional problems of a mechanical nature that would confront a conference entrusted with the difficult task of creating an effective system of imperial co-operation—the method of repre-

sentation, the means of communication and consultation, the extent of responsibility, and all the other controversial details that would be involved. Indeed, apart from all other considerations, it is difficult to conceive of any system that would secure us a voice in the Imperial council sufficiently effective to reconcile us to the manifold responsibilities we would have to assume. Moreover, for the modicum of influence we would exercise in matters in which we would have little or no interest, and in which England would have an absorbing interest, we would almost certainly have to sacrifice some of our recently acquired freedom in dealing with matters that do affect us. It is no 'fatal obsession with nationalism' that prompts us to avoid such discussions; it is rather a sober conviction that even negotiations for co-operation would, at the present time, constitute a thoroughly disruptive influence.

### Mobilizing Progressive Opinion in Canada

By J. S. Woodsworth

*This article by one of the few real Progressives in our House of Commons will commend itself to all readers of progressive opinions. Mr. Woodsworth's project is a difficult one and the means will have to be created. We invite correspondence from those interested who have suggestions to offer.*

THE unsatisfactory condition of public life in Canada must be recognized by all thoughtful men. The old objectives are gone, the old ideals are inadequate, the old parties do not command the enthusiastic and loyal support of even their own adherents. We are awaiting a lead, but no leadership is evident.

Following the war-time efforts and excitement and the post-war revival of hope—whether that hope was for a return to 'normalcy' or for re-construction or for social revolution—there has come over all classes an apathy toward public affairs. With some, there is a sense of bewilderment—of helplessness in the midst of forces that are too great to be comprehended, much less controlled. With others, there has developed from disillusionment a sort of cynicism: 'Tomorrow is uncertain, let me live as well as I may today. A good car for myself and the family; let those who enjoy it worry about world affairs!'

Such an attitude is not confined to Canada. Yet in many other countries, new winds are beginning to fill the sails. In Europe, dire poverty and nationalistic strife have forced attention upon political issues. In the United States, prosperity and growing financial power are developing a new imperialism. In Canada, we are marking time. As, for the past five years, we have drifted down the river of time we have confidently hoped that prosperity was just around the next point. Our leading public men content themselves with the old party watchwords.

When and from what direction will the new wind come?

A number of factors contribute to render very difficult the formation and expression of new ideas and policies in Canada. There is a lack of the sense of national responsibility. We have not outgrown either our colonial status or the colonial psychology. In international affairs, the most the nationalist hopes for is the chance of keeping free from European complications or of having the right to endorse, or to refuse to endorse, the action of Great Britain. On the other hand, economically and socially we live under the shadow of our great southern neighbour. Our young life is drained off to the American cities; our intellectual leaders are constantly tempted toward larger fields.

The heterogeneous character of our population prevents cultural unity. The population of the city of Montreal may be three-quarters of a million. Exclude the French and Jewish and other non-British groups and judged by the standards of Toronto, Montreal is about the size of Hamilton. In the West, there are large unassimilated blocks of Europeans who live in Canada in the flesh, but spiritually live still in the old world. Ultimately these various cultures may blend into something new and higher. At present, they are almost mutually exclusive.

The problem is further complicated by our vast distances, geographical barriers, and provincial institutions. Maritime or Montreal or Winnipeg papers are read very little in Ontario, and, what is not so clearly appreciated in Ontario, Toronto papers exercise very little influence in either the East or the West. Canada has attained constitutional unity before she has developed a national ideal.

Progressive opinion in Canada is not much in evidence. In England for the past quarter of a century there has been a very considerable body of men who have set themselves the task of studying with an open mind the pressing social problems which confront the world. The constructive record of the Fabian Society shows what may be accomplished by a small group. In the United States, *The New Republic* and *The Nation* must have found a considerable constituency. Why should it be only in other countries that forward-looking men are drawing together for political action? In Canada, let THE CANADIAN FORUM confess how general its appeal has been!

One of our political parties has adopted the name 'Progressive'. Surely only a very limited number of individuals within the party may rightly claim to be classed as progressive in outlook or policy. In contrast with British Labour, our Canadian movement has had narrow horizons and its radicals—chiefly non-Canadians—have been too doc-

trinaire and dogmatic to make a popular appeal. Our business men do not think, but actually pride themselves on their ready-made opinions from which they have not even taken the trouble to remove the trade-marks. Our professional men are mostly business men—at least in their mentality. Among journalists, one finds considerable independent thought, but for well-known reasons this rarely finds expression in their writings.

Within the universities the students affect the 'open mind', but in practice this means a spongy mind. Few graduates have real convictions on matters of public policy or are fired with ambition to make a definite contribution toward the national welfare. In our State or privately-endowed universities, academic freedom, when shown, is often of a rather imported character, reflected or exotic in type. It is not born of the soil and does not spread rapidly.

There is no progressive group, but, in all classes, there are individuals with independent, self-hammered-out progressive opinions. One meets them in various nooks and corners down in the Maritime Provinces and in British Columbia. In Montreal they sometimes gather in modest private clubs. The 'Reconstruction Groups' were a genuine manifestation of at least a forward impulse. In Ottawa, the civil service contains not a few who keep alive the sacred flame—by their own firesides. The 'New Canada Movement' is a reaching out to others like-minded. In Toronto, university-trained young business men are wishing there were some independent and constructive political movement in which they could find a place. In the Western cities, one may discover little groups—sometimes somewhat academic in character—drawing their inspiration from progressive British and American journals.

How can these scattered opinions be organized? How brought to bear on our urgent practical problems? This, may we venture to suggest, is one of the tasks to which THE CANADIAN FORUM might apply itself. First these individuals must find one another. Then there must be some arrangement for the exchange of ideas. Probably this could hardly be done from one centre but from a dozen local centres loosely federated. Once raise a new standard—once create a skeleton organization, and the rapidity of the development might astonish even the most sanguine.

Canada is awaiting a lead. Public opinion is awaiting organization and direction.

## France at Half Way

By T. A. Stone

WHEN Herriot returned from London after the conference, he was given a great reception at Paris. But since that time, I am inclined to believe that the spirit in France has lost what it had then—a spontaneous optimism—and has become rather, 'on attend.' Sacrifices were made at London, the extent of which is only just being realized, so that when the President of the Council returned from Geneva, where (as one paper said) 'we were asked for neither our watch nor our purse', his arrival passed almost unnoticed. So the French press at present is merely commenting without analysis, criticism, or definite statements, in fact, hardly even a conjecture as to the outcome. Herriot has free rein, with Poincaré and Millerand ready to jump the instant that any mistake in his policy becomes apparent.

What is it which 'on attend?' Two large black clouds at present mar the political horizon. England and France have been searching for a common foundation on which to erect their respective ideas of security. A corner of this seemed to have been uncovered by the unofficial statement of Lord Parmoor at Geneva to the effect that the British fleet would be at the service of the League of Nations in the event of its need against any aggressor state as defined in the American Plan. Even this concrete though unofficial proposal, which Lord Parmoor considered to be strictly in accordance with Article 16 of the pact of the League, seems to have been regarded in England as being too wide a guarantee. But the French program of security and mutual assistance, as it has been very clearly outlined in *Le Temps*, went two steps further than Article 16 and included financial and economic support against the aggressor state, such support to be arranged by open agreements between the individual members of the League. The *Temps* went on to say that a system of arbitration from which any questions were excepted, (the Italian suggestion) or one based on nothing more compelling than a moral responsibility, would be useless. Disarmament was in no sense an end in itself, but merely a means. Looking at it in this light, the *Temps* has been arguing, it is ridiculous to talk of material disarmament until after we have accomplished a moral disarmament, which can be brought about only by enforcing, through the complete co-operation of the states which realize its value, a system of arbitration which admits of no exceptions. Such a system of arbitration would have to be maintained by force until people are educated away from war. The difference between this thesis as put forward by France and the ideas of the British Government concerning security seems to me to

be rather in the means than in the end. What MacDonald objects to is the prospect of individual treaties between countries, not the idea of mutual assistance.

The other cloud is beyond the Rhine. It will be remembered that when Premier Marx was trying to pass the laws regarding the control of the German railways under the Dawes plan, he had to seek the support of the Nationalists, who are now demanding in return that the German Government should immediately despatch to all the allied governments a note repudiating the statement in Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, that Germany alone was guilty of having brought on the war. The liberal press in Germany is protesting against such a policy, which would create a very disagreeable international situation, only to revive a fruitless controversy. The French press treats the whole idea with sarcasm. Kautsky, who has probably studied the question as deeply as anybody, remarks in *Vorwärts* that during the war he firmly believed that the whole thing had been planned by the imperialistic government. 'But,' he now writes, 'I was overestimating their cleverness, for since the revolution, when I have had opportunities to study the archives of the Wilhelmstrasse, I have been able to find no traces of a pre-conceived plan—I have found only irrefutable evidences of a long series of blunders. So, while the Imperial government may not have been consciously guilty, I do not see why the nationalist party wishes to glorify it because of its blunders and at the same time place Germany in a more or less embarrassing situation.'

As I write, we do not know whether Germany may not send the note and thus prejudice the possibility of her admittance to the League.\*

The chief domestic question before the French government at the present time is that of the cost of living. With a view to bringing this down, they are launching a strenuous campaign. The main points in the program are the following:

1. Distribution to the farmers of nitrate fertilizers to be furnished by Germany.
2. Immediate adoption of a fixed price for flour, with a higher price for siftings.
3. A convention of butchers to be officially assembled in the near future.
4. Acquisition of frozen meat.
5. Development of the sale of meat on the markets.
6. An increase in the sale of fish.
7. Repression of all attempts to raise the price of sugar and milk.
8. A legal project to prevent prices from ris-

\* The German Government later decided not to send the note.



ing by repressing illicit speculation.

So far it has not been decided exactly how these plans shall be carried out, but there has been much press criticism of the whole scheme. Most of the criticism is directed against the idea that state interference can accomplish so much; the old idea will out (as one paper says) that the state can do everything.

The *Temps* remarks that the whole project bears the stamp of authoritative meddling and incompetent interference. The 8th proposition is apparently the one which the government regards as its *pièce de résistance*. It is the survival of an old law which was repealed some time ago because it was considered useless. So useless, in fact, that I have been able to find out very little about it. Most Frenchmen either know no details, or else it is such a sore point with them that they refuse to discuss it.

Dijon.

### The Presidential Campaign in the United States

By J. A. Stevenson

THE political contest in the United States has now reached a stage of grim earnestness and a floodtide of electioneering oratory is submerging the land. There is great dubiety about the outcome of the election in all sections save the Democratic preserves in the South and the rockribbed Republican states of the North. By general admission Senator La Follette is the key figure in the situation and upon his fortunes will depend the character of the Republic's governance for the next four years. He is not at present attempting to create and head a definite third party, calculating shrewdly that abstention from this adventure would more readily attract to his standard the official support of organizations like the American Federation of Labor, which were averse to submergence of their identity in a political machine. Indeed he has actually secured the endorsement of Mr. Samuel Gompers and his associates, and as both the Socialist party and the great railway brotherhoods are committed to him, he can rely upon a substantial preponderance of the Labor vote.

The Communist element persist in prosecuting the candidature of William Z. Foster, but he will poll a negligible vote and the two historic parties will find it very difficult to compete with La Follette for the support of the industrial workers of the cities. Upon their minds the success of the British Labor party has exercised a very powerful influence, generating a new belief in the efficacy of independent political action, and Senator La Follette can rely upon strong backing from other quarters. In the Northwestern states he is the political heir of the

Non Partisan League and he has been accorded the endorsement of a series of influential agrarian organizations. His attitude upon the war has endeared him to the German vote, he has been given the blessing of leading Irish politicians like Judge Cohalan of New York, and his prestige with the Jews is high owing to his fearless denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan. His supporters therefore will include to an unprecedented degree all the discontented racial and economic groups in the country and they seem likely to be reinforced by the same element of progressive intelligentsia which followed the Rooseveltian crusade in 1912. Not only does he enjoy the enthusiastic backing of influential weeklies like the *New Republic* and the *Nation* but he commands unexpectedly strong support in the daily press. The Scripps-Howard chain of papers, which has a foothold in some thirty cities and an enormous circulation, are campaigning actively in his favor and the even more powerful Hearst press is exercising a very benevolent neutrality. Nor do men of wealth recoil from the new adventure. In Minnesota Senator La Follette's campaign manager is a well-known banker-economist, Mr. John F. Sinclair, who is a Canadian by birth; in California the multimillionaire sugar magnate, Mr. Rudolph Spreckles, is chairman of his state committee and Mr. Frank P. Walsh, the Kansas lawyer who headed the Commission on Industrial Relations in the days of Woodrow Wilson, is giving him useful support. To the new movement are also rallying a large body of the younger generation of university graduates, and only the sort of plutocratic domination over American university life, so brilliantly described by Mr. Upton Sinclair in *The Goose Step* prevents a voluminous expression of sympathy with the new insurgency from every faculty room from Cape Cod to San Diego.

The candidature of La Follette, however, must not be viewed so much as the instrument for the execution of a definite political programme as the focus for the expression of a demand by large classes of the American people for a kind of representation in the government of the nation which the two historic parties have so far denied them. Senator La Follette's political ideas would only be rated mildly radical by British ears; his specialty is transportation problems, and he favors the complete ownership of all railways. He is dubious about the League of Nations and rather unsound upon the tariff, and does not essay any original solution for the more pressing social problems of his country. He has, however, lately taken the most advanced position of any member of Congress in regard to limitation of the abuse of power of the United States Supreme Court in declaring federal laws to be unconstitutional. He lacks the Asquithian arts of selection and condensation but he is today unquestionably the fore-

most political orator in the United States, and the epithets 'windbag' and 'demagogue' which are being hurled at him with such abandon are totally undeserved. In forty-five years of public life he has always been a leader in the march of new ideas and it is altogether fitting that the most commanding and significant personality in the progressive ranks in the United States should undertake the leadership of another challenge to the domination of the two effete and artificial political factions.

Mr. La Follette has been very fortunate in his running mate. Senator Burton Wheeler, a scion of an old Boston family, became a successful lawyer and imbibed radical notions in Montana; elected to the Senate in 1922, he attained immediate prominence by his part in the exposure of the Teapot Dome scandal. Circumstances made him an active ally of La Follette at Washington and now that he has definitely abandoned the Democratic party for the new movement, his courage and energetic vigor on the platform are valuable assets. The new movement therefore will not fail of success through lack of capable leadership and the impression of detached observers is that it daily gathers momentum in every corner of the land.

The original strategy of the Republican managers was to make light of the Progressive challenge and pretend that it need only be taken seriously in Wisconsin and a few adjacent north-western states. But their hopes of localising the new political plague within narrow limits have not been realised and they are now disposed to regard the visibly growing strength of the Progressive movement as a formidable obstacle to the re-election of President Coolidge. Having deemed it advisable to limit the President's public contacts with the electorate, they turned loose his Vice-Presidential mate, General Dawes, a Chicago banker, to brand La Follette and his followers as dangerous 'Reds', complaisant allies of Moscow and would-be murderers of the sacred American constitution, and to summon every hundred-per-cent American voter, male and female, to rally to the Republican trenches as the only sure bulwark against the subversive forces of darkness. General Dawes, who is as famed for his sulphurous language as for his report on Germany, had just got into his stride in this congenial task and was delighting the Babbitts of the Middle West with his perfervid denunciations of the Progressive movement when Senator Wheeler and others turned the searchlight upon his connection, confirmed by a legal verdict of \$150,000 damages, with a very unsavoury banking transaction in Chicago some years ago, and the effect of this untimely revelation is already visible in a certain cramping of General Dawes' oratorical style. Furthermore

Senator Brookhart of Iowa, a semi-insurgent who had been lured back to the fold and had accepted the Republican nomination, has broken out into open rebellion, declared that General Dawes' candidature has ruined Republican prospects in the West, and demanded his immediate withdrawal.

These developments have caused great gloom in the Republican camp but its managers retain confidence in the deep campaign purse which has been furnished them by Wall St., and they are using it lavishly for a special electioneering propaganda which has been devised to 'sell' to the American electorate as unattractive a candidate as ever sought their suffrages for the presidency. President Coolidge seems to possess a measure of the skilful cunning which passes in some quarters for political ability, but his intellectual gifts are mediocre and since he assumed the presidency he has singularly failed to live up to its heavy responsibilities or capture the popular imagination. The few speeches which he ventures to make are solemn reactionary utterances, exhorting the American people to a sort of political Confucianism and tending to aggravate in them an already dangerous spirit of self-righteousness and self-complacency. Unable therefore to maintain the fiction that their paladin is a statesman of commanding ability, the Republican orators and newspapers are making their main appeal for his re-election on the grounds of his humble origin and homely personality. A man who can make conversation for an hour about peasoup, should, it is argued, appeal to the multitudinous consumers of that delicacy. 'Elect Mr. Coolidge,' the voters are being told, 'and you will elect one of yourselves, a man who was brought up as you were brought up, who thinks plain and commonplace thoughts and who believes in simple and commonplace things'. The subtle technique applied to the dissemination of this appeal commands admiration, but its efficacy remains to be tested and it is significant that the odds on Coolidge offered by Wall St. (which is always ready to back its hopes with its money) have been dwindling steadily.

Mr. John W. Davis, the Democratic nominee, is much the most alluring personality of the Presidential candidates. A lawyer of the first rank, a fine public speaker and a politician of unblemished reputation, he enjoys a distinguished record of public service as Solicitor-General and Ambassador to Britain and would undoubtedly make an excellent President. Without the complications of the La Follette candidature his chances of victory would be good, but in face of evidence that the new movement has attracted the main bulk of the old Democratic vote in many northern states his prospects must be rated very dubious. However, he has been

making speeches of a very liberal texture and has come out boldly for his country's immediate adherence to the League of Nations. He is an unsparing critic of the Fordney-McCumber tariff and probably the election of no other candidate would bring a reciprocity treaty with Canada so quickly within the range of practical politics. His indictment of the corruption and incapacity of the Republican administration has been very effective and he will gain the votes of a number of respectable conservative Republicans who are disgusted with their party's record. But on the other hand the progressive liberals who take their cue from the *New Republic* and *Nation* rate him too conservative on labour and social problems, dislike his affiliations with Wall St., which regards him as safe and sane, and cannot forgive his calm indifference to such vital issues as freedom of speech when they were at stake in recent years. In the west he is pinning his faith to the skill and popularity of his running-mate, Governor Charles Bryan of Nebraska, who after being content to act for many years as the faithful Man Friday of his illustrious brother, William Jennings Bryan, donned the latter's mantle in 1922 and has made an excellent record in his present office.

Some authoritative experts think that Governor Bryan has actually a better chance of the Presidency than any other candidate, reasoning from the following premises. Many candid Republicans, including Col. George Harvey and Senator Fess of Ohio, predict that neither President Coolidge nor any other candidate will be able to secure the majority of the 531 votes of the Electoral College necessary for victory. Even official Republican forecasts do not claim for their candidate more than 310 votes and this estimate, which only allows a margin of 44 for errors and calamities, includes such highly doubtful states as New York, Iowa, Kansas and California. Davis can rely upon 139 votes from a group of southern states which have never wavered in their allegiance to the Democratic party and even if he does not capture New York he can add at least 40 more votes from border states like Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, New Mexico and Nevada, which have shown Democratic partialities in the past. If Davis secures 190 votes, LaFollette need only secure 80 votes to make the re-election of Coolidge an impossibility, and if the popularity of Governor Smith enables Davis to carry New York with its 47 votes, LaFollette need only secure 35 votes to achieve his object. At present his opponents concede him Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington, which will yield together 41 votes, and his prospects are excellent in Iowa, Kansas, South Dakota and California, which control another 36 votes. The Republicans therefore will

fail to re-elect Mr. Coolidge unless they can carry a substantial number of doubtful states in which the political experts place the odds against them.

In that event, since neither Davis nor LaFollette can hope for a clear majority, the election would go to the House of Representatives, and its present personnel, which would vote on the three highest candidates revealed by the election of November 4th, would again fail to yield the necessary clear majority. The popular election would probably not have yielded a Vice-President, and while the House of Representatives was vainly trying to choose a President, the Senate would be attempting to select his Deputy from the two highest Vice-Presidential candidates. The survivors for this vote would undoubtedly be General Dawes and Governor Bryan, and LaFollette and his 7 followers, who would hold the balance of power, would have no hesitation in preferring Governor Bryan to the reactionary banker who has been berating them so viciously. The Nebraskan is a shrewd and experienced politician; he has always been well to the left in American politics and as a Westerner he has a special acquaintance with the problems in whose solution the Progressives are interested. Moreover LaFollette and his friends would think it a merry jest to plant in the White House after all these years the beloved brother of the Peerless Orator of the Platte for whose repression Wall St's money flowed like water in three presidential campaigns, and they would have no difficulty in exacting from him guarantees about a progressive cabinet and advanced programme. Indeed the Republican press are already charging that a definite bargain to this end has been struck. But whatever may be the outcome of the impending election it is abundantly clear that the old political dikes in the United States have broken down, and the waters are out, threatening submergence to many ancient landmarks.

#### Straws in the Wind

**F**EARS have been expressed that one result of putting the Dawes Report into operation might be to standardise German wages at their present low level, and thus give German manufacturers an unfair advantage in the markets of the world. To argue in this way is really to confound the symptom with the disease. The *Times* has been pointing out that

This scarcity of money in Germany is largely responsible for the relatively low level of wages in Germany, and the effect of increasing the supplies of credit in that country will naturally be to raise the price and wage level there.

Everybody knows that times of increasing trade, and rising prices, are the times when wages are most easily raised.—*The Labour Press Service.*



### A Talk With a Bootlegger

*This record of a dialogue, Platonic in its simplicity, is warranted to be exact and authentic. We print it for its character-revealing quality, and draw no inferences.*

My little maid came in from the kitchen (I have a farm in Manitoba) and said: 'There is a man at the door who said he wanted to see the boss.' I went to see him, and invited him in to sit down out of the cold wind. A pleasant respectable looking man.

He: I came in, Mrs. Hood (he knew my name) to see if I could make whiskey here. (I gazed at him with astonishment. Never before had I seen a specimen of his kind).

I: What, you want to put a still in here!

He: Yes, in the bush; it is a good place. I have just been held up, and my still taken, and I have paid the fine.

I: But I couldn't have anything to do with that, you mean something against the law.

He: Yes, but I am not afraid of the law or the constables. They sold me my still back again. I make about a thousand dollars a week, and it would be nice for you to have one or two hundred dollars coming in every month.

I: But you couldn't keep it secret here.

He: Not if there were too many help.

I: But the neighbors would know.

He: We would make thousands of dollars before they heard of it.

I: What is your name, and where do you live?

He: Ah, no. You might tell it in Winnipeg.

I: You are ashamed to tell your name. What nation do you belong to?

He: No, no.

I: German?

He: No,

I: Italian, Bulgarian?

He: No, no.

I: Do you bring up your children to be bootleggers?

He: No, they know nothing about what I do, they are too young. Everybody is in it; do you think you get Government liquor at the druggist's!

I: How do you sell the stuff?

He: We take a car loaded, and deliver it from house to house.

I: Do you have the constables in your pay?

He: Sure. It is the only way to make money.

I: It is dirty money.

He: No. If I killed a man and took his money, it would be dirty money. I wouldn't do that. It is a pleasant way I do.

I: Do you sell cheaper than the Government stores?

He: Yes, or we couldn't do business.

I: But the business is wrong.

He: No, they sold me back my still.

I: But the stuff is poison.

He: No, if it were poison the druggists wouldn't buy it.

I: But it is newly made, and that is poison.

He: Yes, we must sell it new, but the druggists take it. I don't drink myself.

I: Won't you have a cup of tea?

He: No, thank you.

I: You are a clever man, I hope you will take another business.

He: No, I like the business, I had a cattle business and lost money.

I: What do you do with the money you make?

He: I put it in the bank.

I: Do you pay income tax?

He: No, the taxes just make the officials rich. I knew a man who had nowhere to sleep—he slept in an old buggy. Afterwards he collected taxes, and built a splendid house. The Government inspectors sell booze—everyone does wrong. Mrs. Hood, trust nobody.

I: Not even a bootlegger?

He: I pay every month. (Then rising to go) I am sorry to trouble you.

I: Goodbye. (He went to his car).

### A Literary Zoo

By Douglas Bush

HOWEVER greedily you are accustomed to drink in contemporary literature (and I hope I may lay claim to a power of suction not wholly inferior to Mr. Weller's) there are times when a sort of revulsion comes over you, and you can't, for a while, endure the sight of a new book. You feel disgust for everything educated and literary; you revive your periodical notion of returning to nature by way of a fruit-farm or a chicken ranch; you have a fleeting but not unattractive vision of yourself as a noble savage, absorbing impulses from the vernal wood, remote from civilization and circulating libraries, with a bronzed neck that knows not Arrow collars, rich enough in natural philosophy to live, a strong, silent man, in blessed ignorance of books, authors, critics, reviews, reputations, lectures, literary teas. If only you could, by taking thought, get away from James Joyce and the Sitwells and T. S. Eliot, and become as simple-minded and illiterate as a Cabinet Minister!

One cause of this perhaps not uncommon malady—which Professor Babbitt might define as romantic nostalgia—seems to one particular patient to be that contemporary writing, especially of the new-

est sort, is so morbidly 'literary,' so infinitely, relentlessly clever. Now whether you are clever and therefore despise cleverness, or whether, like me, you are only good, and therefore yearn after it, you can, in reading, get a surfeit of a quality whereof a little more than a little is by much too much. Thus you have been going through some young writer with est and constant chuckles of surprise, and all at once, as one last grain precipitates from a saturated solution, you become vehemently aware that you simply cannot endure any more *clever* novels, *clever* short stories, *clever* plays, *clever* essays, or (worst of monstrosities) *clever* poems. There are so many thousands of young people writing now—indeed Canada alone boasts several thousand paid-up authors—and they all, in their annual half-million words, throw off such a dazzling succession of sparkling phrases and coruscating epigrams that the poor average reader, who communicates with his fellow-men by means of a simple 'Yea, yea,' and 'Nay, nay,' falls back in hopeless and forlorn discouragement. He feels something akin to seasickness at the mere thought of another cynical *mot*, another unintelligible poem. In his weakness he longs for some great mass of reading matter into which he can sink peacefully as into a feather bed, in serene assurance that no epigrammatic points will prick his jaded sides, where he can read on for ever and ever, through chapters, volumes, libraries, of English that is beautiful in its sober prosiness, its lucid, unhurried prolixity, its entire lack of distinction. It would be grateful as an ice-cap laid upon a fevered brow.

This is of course a dreadful state of mind to be in; one would expect little worse from Queen Victoria or Henry Van Dyke. Those who have taken their literature with the same doggedness as their classical concert, who have felt the strain of trotting year in and year out just behind 'the movement,' will perhaps go back to bridge and good solid Sabatini. But there are dauntless souls who would never dream of abandoning for ever their place in the march of mind, yet would like to sit down a while and rest their tired feet. For persons suffering from such nervous disorders Samuel Butler, that acute diagnostician, thought no remedy so efficacious as a "course in the larger mammals." The patient simply attends the Zoo regularly, and by living as much as possible in the sight of, and in spiritual communion with, the larger and more stolid beasts, he goes home, after a period of wise passiveness, incredibly refreshed and strengthened; the sick hurry, the divided aims, the vague restless cravings which afflict us moderns, vanish in the contemplation of such calm immobility, such sublime bovine repose.

For myself, I confess I find the Zoo a bore—doubtless because of a deficiency in mystical feeling—but there is a cure, analogous to Butler's, which may be highly recommended. For harassed nerves, for minds oppressed by insistent cleverness, by psychoanalytic fiction, by jig-saw puzzles in poetic prose, by literature that is unhealthily over-literary, there is no relief so certain (outside of the ancients, and nowadays they, alas, are caviare) as a few days of browsing in an eighteenth-century library, living among those mastodons, Gibbon, Johnson, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett—best of all, of course, is Boswell, but he stands at every bedside. You should read them in old editions, stately, sumptuous, breathing forth that sense of timeless peace which belongs only to worn calf bindings. At any rate you must flee books of selections; it is not a case for homeopathic doses. You must have around you the whole of the *Spectator*, the whole of the *Decline and Fall*, the whole of the *Lives of the Poets*. You must be able to open Volume One of *Clarissa Harlowe* and forget everything but *Clarissa's* woes until you emerge at the end of Volume Eight, a new man (though perhaps a little older in mere years), ready to disappear into Volume One of *Grandison*.

For they wrote big books in the eighteenth century. Gibbon, Johnson, Fielding—the very names convey a largeness, an immense sanity, which makes them the ideal refuge for victims of modern literary neurasthenia. The mere sight of Gibbon's imperial plume strikes shame into us who drag ourselves to a nursing-home to recover from a sonnet sequence. Even the quite obsolete authors have their medical value; I have found Robertson's *Charles the Fifth* an excellent sedative, and a stubborn case of *Weltschmerz* retreated at the onset of 'Estimate' Brown. In the great eighteenth-century books there is no finicking self-consciousness, no literary posturing, no wearisome striving for glitter and sharpness, no super-subtlety, no straining to be always clever. Opening them we know we are in Abraham's bosom, and our nerves cease jumping as we listen to the murmur of those infinite streams of ocean, with their sonorous commonplaces, their universality, their rolling polysyllables, their vast indifference to the shortness of the human span. It is the large utterance of the early gods, which gentler on the spirit lies than tired eyelids upon tired eyes. Alone it is not enough, of course, for we must listen chiefly to the great voices of the present; but it is good, at intervals, to return to that spacious, healthy, simple-minded century and enjoy its sovereign healing power.

### Utopia

By Richard de Keppel

THE south terrace at *Mont Repos* was a place of rare and satisfying charm. From the soft grey line of the lichened wall that bordered the highroad the ground swept up in a great green wave that lifted the terrace high above the rolling sea of champaign country and poised it in a feathery foam of azaleas on its crest, a vantage ground for favored mortals who cared to view the beauty of a world at peace and dreaming in the mellow sunlight of July.

The man on the low garden seat stretched himself with the sensuous pleasure of physical well-being, and, throwing one long white-flannelled leg over the other, gazed down appreciatively at the Elysian prospect as he felt for his cigarette-case; and then the whisper of an approaching footstep withdrew his attention from the tranquil world and centred it on the more emotive vision of the woman.

She was very charming in her trailing dress of sapphire blue, her amber sunshade slanting over a rounded shoulder and surrounding her patrician head with a halo of primrose light. A flicker of admiration warmed the cool grey eyes of the man as he watched her, and when she paused against a great clump of the azaleas to sniff daintily at a spreading branch he rose to his feet with easy decision.

'It would be an absurdity', he announced in a clear crisp voice, 'if the lack of an introduction should prevent me from offering you the only seat that is shaded from the sun.' And as the woman after one swift glance accepted the amenity, he added, 'You will not refuse me the honor of sharing it with you.'

'I was reflecting', he proceeded urbanely as he resumed his seat. 'how admirably this spot portrays the serenity of the new world that is so different from the old one I can still remember. After my reflective moods I always feel the need of conversation, but I had not hoped this morning that the gods would be so very kind.'

'We have much more time for conversation', smiled the woman, 'than we used to have. One is grateful to the gods for that.'

'Everyone has much more time for everything', observed the man as he permitted his glance to linger with satisfaction on the dimple in her cheek. 'It is the greatest benefit the new order has given to the world.'

'But can we call this the new order,' murmured the woman, 'when there was no order at all in the old one? How chaotic it all was! I still rather wonder, you know, how so complete a change

in our lives could have been brought about in so very little time.'

'Most people do not even wonder at it:' there was subtle flattery in his tone. 'They are oblivious not only to the cause of the change, but to the change itself. They seem to be quite unconscious that they no longer live in a democracy, or that it has been superseded by a paternal plutocracy that has come to stay. It amuses me when I think of it. People talk a lot nowadays of the mass consciousness, but the mass unconsciousness is really a more important thing.'

The pretty gravity on the woman's brows might have indicated profound interest in his idea: what she was really thinking was that she could place her man now; he was the sort that liked to talk at large about the world's affairs. They were rather interesting as a rule, and she found this newcomer attractive; she liked the sinewy brown hands that were clasped loosely around his knee, and the pleasantly modulated voice with its cool ironic ring. 'You believe, then, that the new order has come to stay?' she encouraged him. 'I should very much like to think so myself.'

'Of course it has come to stay', he responded. 'Everybody is much too comfortable under it to want to see it go. The cause of every revolution in the old world was invariably the same—the poor that were always with us. There were always innumerable unfortunates who were not comfortable, and they naturally made things uncomfortable for everybody else . . . and the absurd thing was that it was so unnecessary. I do not believe there has been a time in the past hundred years when there was not enough in the world for everyone, and yet very few of us ever had enough, and a good many never had anything. Democracy was to blame, of course.

. . . He broke off with an apologetic laugh. 'But I must not bore you with a political monologue.'

'Oh, please!' Her slim hand made a quick gesture of denial. 'I am anything but bored; but I'm not sure that I quite understand. Do you blame Democracy entirely for all the muddle and fuss there used to be?'

'I do', said the man feelingly. 'Thank God it's gone! It was a morbid growth, and since it fed only an adversity there is luckily no chance of its revival. . . The curious thing to me', he continued, 'is that sane people could ever have thought a system would succeed that involved the eternal division of the intelligent classes into warring camps. And that is the history of Democracy. It is a dismal record of the best people everywhere wasting themselves in a guerilla war for the privilege of managing affairs. And between the two parties there was always the mob—a silly blund-





In a Studio  
Brush drawing by  
F. H. Varley, A.R.C.A.

ering *tertium quid*, upsetting the applecart of each of them in turn. What a futile picture it makes when one looks back on it! Science had made production so easy that life could have been leisurely and full for everyone; all that was needed was decent management by the upper classes—and they spent their time cutting each others' throats.'

'Your word "futile" describes it exactly', his amiable companion agreed. 'And yet we didn't realize it at the time. I think most of us were in too great a hurry to realize anything.'

'Most of us were in too great a hurry to notice even the sign-posts on our road'. He was happily launched on his subject now: 'It is strange how even those bright fellows the economists were hypnotized by that will-o-the-wisp, Democracy. Even when they came to see that a reorganization was essential that would unite the intelligent classes into one party, they still clung to the old ideal and expected that *mariage de convenance* to result in the birth of the perfect democracy. They never realized that its natural issue must be the healthy plutocracy we live in now; they were as blind as parsons to the realities of a world whose whole trend was towards plutocracy. I remember reading years ago an ingenuous book by one of them; "The competitive system is played out", the good man said, "and the alternatives of private and public monopoly emerge." He hadn't noticed that private monopoly had emerged a generation ahead of its rival, and had dug itself in at every strategic point of the economic world . . . 'You see', he explained with the leisurely enjoyment of the sophisticated looker-on, 'it only needed the threat of a common enemy to close the ranks of the private monopolists under a unified command, as it were; and once that happened it was found that managing the world's affairs efficiently was a very simple matter after all. So the tiresome masses are happy at last; there is a vacuum-cleaner in every home, and the dreams of the democratic idealists have come true . . . They might object if they were here (and I am very glad they are not) that our progress has been entirely material, and that the spirit of Democracy is dead. But if there is such a thing, which I very much doubt, it will return eventually to find a body politic infinitely cleaner and saner than the one it had to leave.'

'That is putting it rather neatly', said the woman with an approving little nod. 'And wasn't it a monopolist of soap, by the way, who played a big part in making it cleaner? I used to notice how often men of that sort were the ones to put into practice what their critics preached about.'

'And since men of that stamp are now in control', he observed, 'you need have no fear that they

will permit the return of the wasteful old system with its strikes and wars that kept the world poor; for they have realized that poverty is not good for business. It used to be a platitude that it paid to be honest, but now we have discovered the larger truth that it pays to be generous. We have come to see that equality of opportunity pays, and that the waste of genius was the most criminal waste of all. And that is why the arts are flourishing and the sterile field of education has become a modern Eden, where every youngster with brains is helped up the apple-tree and fools are warned to keep off the grass.'

'And don't you think that Eve herself has undergone a change?' she suggested. 'I remember when I first came to notice such things how I used to see so many women with restless eyes . . . restless and hungry . . . they seemed to be driven by some craving for I don't know what. I may be wrong, of course, for I've kept out of things for a long time now, but it seems to me that they are more contented than they used to be.'

'But it is not Eve that has changed', he protested. 'I think there was nothing more absurd in the old world than the extraordinary disturbance over the question of your charming sex. No wonder they used to look restless and hungry—they quite naturally wanted men, and there were not enough to go round. But there never was a real feminist question, you know; it was just another phase of the larger economic one. In the good old days the middle-class man was able to support three or four wives or daughters in comfort, but under the blight of Democracy he slowly sank to the humiliating level of only being able to keep one. Now that the average man is happily restored to prosperity the feminist question is solved.'

He unconsciously waited for the usual murmur of approval; but for a moment there was silence, and when she spoke the woman's voice was somewhat cool. 'I have never wished to work myself', she said decidedly, 'but I can sympathize with women who do. And I hardly think that you are right in assuming that my sex will be content with the destiny you map out for them in your cosmos.'

'Ah, but woman has a higher destiny than work', he countered suavely; 'It is her destiny to inspire and adorn. Of all the horrors in our old world I think there was none more frightful than the ubiquitous horde of working women; women with pencils behind their ears; women with ink on their fingers.—Ugh! I would as soon see women with mud on their toes! It was the most shocking of all the inanities of a world gone mad.'

The woman's coolness melted in an involuntary smile. 'You force me to agree with you', she

admitted,' 'For I know that most of those who took up men's work regretted it, and some were incurably deranged. One meets them even here. I suppose they come because it is so peaceful, and one should really feel sorry for them; but I find them rather trying. Delightful as the place itself is, I sometimes wonder why I stay.'

'Yet we can count ourselves lucky', said the man philosophically, 'for if the old order had continued the majority might have become like that. I remember long ago a prominent medico prophesying that if the trend of the times persisted, a day would come when the sane people left in society would have to take refuge in asylums from a world composed of Yahoos.'

The faint clear note of a distant horn drew his glance to the highroad below, and for a moment the two of them idly watched the progress of a crowded yellow char-a-banc that rolled slowly by; the soft west wind saved them from the strident voice of its red-faced guide as he waved an arm in their direction. 'On your left', he cried, 'you see the beecootiful grounds of *Mong Reepose*: Dr. Snow's palatial asylum for millionaire nuts.'

### Canada

(From Exile)

By Bryce McMaster

This is the price he pays—Her ceaseless claim—

This the eternal tithe She takes of him—  
That now the careless naming of Her name  
Can fill his eyes abrim.

Now he can never hear the chattering stir,  
The water music that the poplar makes,  
But all his thought is wavering flame like Her  
Fierce moon-fire on the lakes.

Perchance some wood-god fitted to his string  
And loosed an arrow, winging small and fleet,  
Biting as sharply as a moose-fly sting  
When limestone burns the feet.

And in his blood the poison runs and grows  
Till he in old-world valleys seeks again  
To find, where earlier years would bring repose,  
A sudden sense of pain.

### The Concert Season

By Leo Smith

*Another concert season has opened, and the musical critics are once more heard in the land. We believe that readers will be interested in hearing the musician himself on the subject and have secured these reflections on past seasons by an artist well-known to Canadian concert-goers.*

A HUMORIST once propounded the following riddle, and its answer: 'Who is the greater; the critic or the author?' Answer; 'Why, the critic; because assuredly it requires more brains to detect errors than it does to make them.' There is a fable that a critic, having reviewed a work by speaking only of its errors, was commanded by Apollo to take a sack of wheat and pick out all the chaff—this being his reward. Yet despite this, criticism still implies the detection of errors, the appraising of 'high lights', the sitting in judgment; and even when applied to the now general task of making a *revue* of a concert season it is obvious that a person (like myself) engaged more or less in the active work of performing will perforce see things tinged by his own interests, or perhaps heated with too high a temperature to do the subject proper justice. Instead, therefore, of recounting the musical events of the last season, I will, from a biased standpoint, suggest some reflections anent them, feeling that ample apology for breaking the rule that 'you should not speak of that which you do' has now been sufficiently made.

The first point is the quantity of concert attractions—the great numbers which now form part of the season's activities; the second is their excellent quality. In this, of course, I refer to the visits of outside organizations, of visiting artists—in short, to the imports. It still remains true that only in one department—that of choral singing—do we feel that we can meet foreign importations with a confident feeling that the home products are in many ways their equal; only in that department can we point to the fact that we can 'export' as well as 'import', and that our 'exports' are regarded with high favour in the United States. I think, of course, that the discrepancy between outside and home attractions in some other branches is disappearing, or at least becoming measurable by very small quantities. Yet as affairs have been, we can point to no other case in which native endeavour outshines the efforts of imported art, which is giving a favourable impression of our musical status to our neighbours.

Granted, however, that importations are mostly of the highest quality (I think it can be confidently asserted that we hear the best that the world affords), it remains true that from the partisan's standpoint there are certain objections. To begin with, visiting artists and visiting organizations r



ually form their programmes with an eye to effect. Their mission is to attract; then to thrill with the dexterity of display. This is achieved, however, by treading well-beaten tracks, by offering music which is most likely to fit the mental groove worn by previous impressions. The result is that 'visiting affairs' give us little or nothing of contemporary (creative) thought. Possibly much of contemporary thought is bad, or at least second rate. But to my mind it is a mistake not to live in the twentieth century, not to know of the newer schools of Italy, England, and elsewhere, which at least have force, physiognomy, and interest—and which we know of (though very incompletely) through the efforts of local musicians, or by an occasional and spasmodic insertion in a 'visiting' programme, put in, as Mark Twain said of the ripe peach on the continental dinner table, by mistake. Secondly, it is, I think, a fact that if people cultivate a taste for the excellent from without it destroys the taste for the merely good within. This is the more serious when one remembers that Toronto's example is becoming the fashion for a number of other Canadian cities and towns, at least in the East. Places of less than 25,000 inhabitants are speaking with pride of the number of artists they bring from New York, of the great sum they raised for a particular singer, and the obvious pride that such a small town could spend so much in the cause of music.

Now the arguments against this are a little difficult to enumerate. There is the economic argument, the adverse effect on the exchange of monetary values; the feeding of that craze for the superlative, markedly absent in the most musical countries; the tendency to drive the more skilled executives to foreign climes; and lastly, the difficult problem of creating a music which shall belong in character more to our own land—that shall partake of a Canadian dialect. This last of course opens up thought of a complex kind. 'It is impossible', says Dean Inge, 'to define a nation except as a body of men who believe themselves to be one.' Equally impossible, therefore, must it be to define 'national' music except such as has received that definition from a body of musicians. Nationalism, continues the Dean, is more superficial than we suppose; 'it cannot mean racialism, for the nations are all mixed in blood beyond the possibility of disentanglement'. That point of view, however, has to some extent been combatted with the argument that nations, like the colour green—which is a mixture of blue and yellow—present to the unanalytical mind the appearance of unity; 'that the total impression depends on the stronger and weaker mixture of the several colours'. But leaving that apart it seems true that the attributes of a country, as Mr. O. G. Sonneck says, 'irradiate local colour', and that such 'local colour' affects the musician as it does other

representatives of the people. And while it may be contended that the greatest music contains the least quantity of local idioms, yet it would seem to me that history affords instances to support the contention that nations must go through this period—a period of preparation—before they can emerge as creators of the finest international work.

*Suum cuique*: those who would gratify their desires to have their music in the most famous company will, of course, continue to patronize the great events occasioned by the visit of the world-renowned people; those who would look to the future and to the building up of a native music more replete than hitherto, will perhaps allow their desire for superlatives to be tempered by other considerations.

### The Little Boy Who Became a Butcher

By Frank Burton

**M**ORE than three hundred years ago, in the great city of Florence, in Italy, a little boy was sitting in front of a butcher store, looking in the window at the great joints of beef and the long strings of sausages.

It was a warm, pleasant day in May, but the little boy was evidently unhappy. His parents wanted him to be an artist, and become rich and famous. But the little boy wanted to be a butcher. The joints of beef inspired him. The sausages stirred his soul. Oh, if he could only learn to cut steaks and slices of bologna like the ones he saw in the window! He would not care about wealth and fame, if only he could be a butcher.

And that very afternoon an artist was coming and the little boy was to be made an apprentice to him, and would have to spend the rest of his life painting fat cupids and horrid sunsets. If only he could convince his parents how much he wanted to be a butcher! Tears streamed down his face as he thought that he would be shut up from that day in a musty studio and might not be able to see his beloved steaks and sausages for weeks on end.

His grief was interrupted by a cheery voice asking him what was the matter. Looking up he saw the great butcher himself gazing down at him. He could hardly speak for awe, but when he was asked once more he at last managed to sob out his story.

The good butcher took him into his shop and said, 'Now, how would you like to be apprenticed to me?'

The little boy was dazed. 'Oh, that would be heaven!' he gasped.

So the butcher gave him a chicken to carve, to see if he had a talent for butchering, and the little boy carved it so well that the butcher was amazed.

'The child is a genius!' he thought. 'He positively must not throw himself away on art.'

So the butcher went home with the little boy,

and at last convinced his parents that he had a talent for carving, and the little boy became the butcher's apprentice.

And, boys and girls, what do you think became of the little boy? Why, he was made butcher-in-chief to the Medici, the rulers of Florence. And that was the position which all butchers strove to attain in those days, but very few attained it. And when he died he was buried in the cathedral, along with all the famous people of Florence.

### Verse Futility

By Phyllis Coate

I F I could catch a golden afternoon  
Between my hands and list it to my pen,  
Its lovely hours need not be lost so soon—  
I should be happy then.

But who could say the soft, absorbing sun,  
The lights and shadows on the resting grass,  
Or hold in words the things that God has done,  
For at His will they pass.

### The Dinghy

By H. K. Gordon

ALL day upon the lake the wild wind blowing,  
Sweeps the white water into tumbled foam,  
And all along the shore the music rises  
Of restless breakers falling comb on comb.

I loose the painter from the little jetty,  
The sail strains out, and through the surge and fret  
The keel hums on, the deck sweeps seething under;  
My face above the tiller bar is wet.

### Landbound

By H. K. Gordon

WHERE away tomorrow  
And where away today?  
The tall ships lift their anchors  
And lean across the bay.

With breakers at their forefoot  
And light upon their sails,  
They trample through the billows  
The while the shipman hails:

'Far away to Egypt,  
'And far away to Spain,  
'We ride the tossing ocean  
'That calls us home again.'

So, home receives the sailor  
Who sees the Light go by  
To breast the blowing pathways  
Beneath the shining sky.

And I am left to watch them,  
The tall ships running free,  
And know that I am homeless  
In streets beside the sea.

### Warning

By Edward Sapir

Scatter flour upon the way,  
This woman knows not easy play,  
If she loves you, look  
Before you are mistook.

Follow not with surety  
But mark a line from tree to tree;  
Think well, how you love!  
Are you but turtle-dove?

If she loves you, know that you  
Are sun to her in the high blue  
And luminous at night,  
Both stars and moonlight.

Can you be all this to her?  
Think well, wait, for if you err,  
By day has she no light  
Nor in the terrible night.

Love is what this woman knows.  
It may be you have hidden snows,  
From the fire apart  
Which nearly burns your heart.

Oh halt, then, keep your love,  
This woman is no turtle-dove.  
You may yet depart  
And never break her heart.

### Distant Strumming of Strings, Vague Flutings, Drum

By Edward Sapir

Distant strumming of strings, vague flutings, drum  
Give mood a surer voice and fancy wings more fleet  
Than declarations positive and sweet  
Of orchestras; I hear song fragments come  
From the far end of cornfields with the wind  
Which bring me magic, inarticulate,  
More than the studied ecstasy of great  
Singers in gesture. Sweetness overdinned  
Turns quick to the dry clarity of speech  
And passion passionate will overreach.  
Make music evanescent on the breeze  
And let my longing and my wonder seize  
But intimations brief, lovely, and haunting  
As loveliness, forever and ever wanting.

### The Bookshelf Shelley\*

It is difficult to place together and contemplate at a single view a work of art and a piece of scholarship, yet the comparison is very alluring when, as so rarely happens, they have a common subject—have, or rather *appear to have*, we hastily amend, lest the aesthetic philosophers be about our ears. But to contrast art with learning in speaking of these two books is to do an injustice to Mrs. Campbell, if it implies for a moment that imagination has been banished from her world, or that imagery and musical prose are not employed to convey the results of her research. It is rather that her work is a thing compounded of various elements, in which the seeker as well as the finder may be discerned, and in which memory, logic, and discrimination play their part in turn with that other mysterious faculty called intuition; whereas the *Ariel* is purely and simply one.

It is this clear and delicate unity which most of all perhaps gives to *Ariel* its charm—by which it achieves that frail fine grace that is so exquisitely appropriate to a portrait of Shelley, at least of the Shelley whom M. Maurois conceives. The portrait may be incomplete; it may neglect Shelley the Thinker and touch but slightly Shelley the Poet. This is only to say that instead of any of the well-known poses our artist has treated his sitter in a new aspect, namely, as Shelley Incarnate. And as we gaze longer and deeper, and begin to perceive the richness that lies hid in the French simplicity, do not the thinker and the poet look forth unmistakably from these grave, sweet and impassioned eyes?

*Ariel* on the island was a mocking spirit, but here it is he himself that provokes the laughter, laughter faint and subtle as his native element, and gentler than a caress :

"Le bébé fut une petite fille blonde aux yeux bleus. Son père la nomma Ianthe;; sa mère ajouta Elisabeth; ainsi Ovide et Miss Westbrook se rencontrèrent à ce berceau. Shelley la promenait dans ses bras, en fredonnant. L'idée d'élever un être tout neuf, et qu'il allait pouvoir sauver dès l'enfance des "préjugés" lui était très agréable."

For the more exact and vivid representation of his central figure the author provides abundant contrast, in the persons especially of Mr. Timothy Shelley and Lord Byron. The wealth of understanding which we gain with regard to these and other persons of the Shelley circle is truly amazing;

*Ariel ou la Vie de Shelley*, by André Maurois. (Bernard Grasset; pp. 354).

*Shelley and the Unromantics*, by Olwen Ward Campbell. (Methuen; pp. 307; \$5.00).

not less so is his effortless creation of a vivid background, for the narrative appears always simple, almost bare, never burdened in the slightest with detail. It moves from first to last in that luminous atmosphere which enfolded the funeral pyre upon the shore.

"Le temps était admirable. Sous la lumière crue, le sable jaune vif et la mer violette formaient le plus beau des contrastes. Au-dessus des arbres, les blancs sommets des Apennines dessinaient un de ces fonds à la fois nuageux et marmoréens que Shelley avait tant admirés."

Mrs. Campbell in *Shelley and the Unromantics* puts forward a very satisfying interpretation of his life and writings. Instead of accepting as final the crude doctrinaire who was Shelley at nineteen, she makes reasonable allowance for immaturity and finds ample evidence that his later philosophy had grown with his experience. We need no longer strive to reconcile that strange dualism, a man presenting to his fellows so very dismal a form of human happiness as would result from universal Godwinism, who was at the same time—a poet! These contradictions did not co-exist in the same body; the one succeeded the other. Denied all imaginative stimulus in his early years, Shelley attempted to hasten the millenium by political reform, and by the time he had discovered the absurdity of his error, he had also recognized his true destiny.

Mrs. Campbell finds in his poetry a philosophy both human and consistent. The chapter in which this question is discussed is simply admirable. For example, she quotes Shelley's opinion that all enduring ethics are based on disinterestedness, and continues :

"Here we see his real reason for his fight against contemporary Christianity, and why the practical side of his vague and imaginative Deism was a violent opposition to the orthodox conceptions of God. He felt that a religion which is too dogmatic about a man's duty prevents him from developing his own sense of that duty . . . He objected to the church's teaching with regard to rewards and punishments, whereby the purity of motive was destroyed.

One is tempted to consider chapter by chapter separately, for they are of varying excellence. Two of them, that on his friends, and that on the Romantic Revival seem not to belong very intimately to the subject. The chapter on the Lyrics and on Prometheus, are so detailed as to suggest a work of reference, and positively fatigue the attention. The two chapters devoted to the biography proper are the fruit of sound research, superlative historical tact and candour. They, together with the even



more admirable opening and closing chapters, make up the essential part of what we are compelled to recognize as a great book, both in its scope and in its positive and constructive force.

The times in which Shelley was born formed the first period of the Modern Age; they were the beginning of that crowded chaos out of which we are still endeavouring to build a new world. Scientific thought was moving; religious thought was perishing; social institutions were breaking up . . . Shelley was at heart a genuine scientist in the best sense—he had that understanding, through his imagination, of the rhythm and uniformity of natural processes, the coherent vitality of the universe, which is at the root of all great scientific discovery. But he had first to learn, as we are learning, that any merely scientific conception of life, however wonderful and *progressive* it may seem, gives us but little help in living; that it can clothe and feed philosophy, but leaves the Son of Man without anywhere to lay his head."

#### Hardy the Philosopher

NO important English writer ever had quite as much in common with a foreign philosopher as Hardy has with Schopenhauer. This is an uncomfortable fact which English criticism of Hardy has instinctively fought shy of. For one thing, we are reluctant to see so native a writer as Hardy identified in any way with foreign literature. And, for another thing, we are afraid of seeing too much philosophy in creative writing; something whispers that if Hardy has so much Schopenhauer in him as all that, he is not the man we thought he was. And, most of all, the English insularity resists the suggestion. It doesn't enjoy seeing its favourite 'home-brew' tampered with.

All of this is very natural and healthy. It would be absurd to jump to the other extreme and regard Hardy as a product of Schopenhauerian influences, as a disciple who accepted a philosopher's system holus-bolus and imposed it harshly on his own creations. It is true that Hardy is more explicitly philosophical than most novelists, but there is little in him that is rigid and systematic. He himself has always disclaimed any finality of thought or outlook. For all his sternness, he refuses to call himself a pessimist, he claims that his verses are "unadjusted impressions", and in *The Dynasts* he lets the Years and the Pities both have their say. The honours go to the deterministic Years, but the Christian Pities also live on, unscathed and hopeful. Hardy is essentially a temperament, not a system. His relation to Schopenhauer is like that of Wordsworth to Rous-

seau, instinctive, dictated by the spirit of the times, wholly independent of conscious influence.

But when all these reservations have been made, the affinity between the artist and the philosopher is truly surprising. Schopenhauer himself is something of a temperament in philosophy. For a strict philosopher his writings are largely out-of-date. He is a sort of rude forefather of modern psychology and of the unconscious. His system will not hold water any more than all the other systems. But his writings have not become obsolete on that account, they are still an unspent force. Most philosophers are scrapped as soon as their immediate influence is exhausted and their errors detected. Schopenhauer is an exception. His words have a profound human value which they can never lose. Before we allow ourselves to deplore the closeness of Hardy to Schopenhauer we must remember that no 19th century philosopher has worn so well humanly as Schopenhauer. His influence on literature, German, French, and Russian, rivals that of Rousseau. His relation to Hardy, far from being a freak of circumstance, is part of the movement of an epoch of art and thought.

Mr. Brennecke's book deals entirely with this subject, but it hardly does justice to it. He repeats himself, chapter after chapter. His first two chapters and his last contain all he has to say. But he makes it clear that Hardy is in no way derivative. He sees the rise of a philosophical terminology beginning in the middle eighties and differentiating *Tess* and *Jude* from the earlier novels. This tendency persists in the earlier poems and culminates in *The Dynasts*.

. . . The Immanent Will, as defined in the opening pages of *The Dynasts*, is found to read like a poetic paraphrase of Schopenhauer's will.

Why doth it so and so, and ever so,  
This viewless, voiceless turner of the wheel?

The parallel can be worked out elaborately, and it is highly instructive to do so. Far from being a source of disappointment to the English reader, it should gratify him. It shows English literature bound by one more powerful and unconscious link with the literature of Europe, and, sooner or later, it will help to establish Hardy's importance as a writer of more than insular significance.

#### West Indian History

The publication of these two attractive books will tend to revive interest in the history of what at one time was a most important part of Britain's overseas possessions. Mr. Wrong's volume is a general survey of the more important aspects of the development of government in the West Indian group,

*Government of the West Indies*, by Hume Wrong (Oxford; pp. 190; \$3.00)

*The Colonial Agents of the British West Indies*, by Lillian M. Penson (University of London Press).

*Thomas Hardy's Universe, a study of a poet's mind*, by Ernest Brennecke, Jr. (Fisher Unwin; pp. 153; 8/6).

based, as the author tells us, on 'more easily accessible of printed records'. It is presented as an introductory study rather than as an exhaustive treatment of the constitutional history of the West Indies and amply succeeds in its purpose. A most interesting chapter deals with the old representative system of government before the abolition of slavery and presents in very attractive style the social and economic background in its relation to the organization of government. To the student of colonial government the section dealing with Public Meeting Government will be found to be of special interest. The West Indies present a rich variety in governmental institutions; and this development, largely because of the more intimate economic connection with the mother country, followed a different line from that found in the continental colonies.

Dr. Penson's book is much more limited in its scope and hence presents a thorough and exhaustive treatment of a most important phase of colonial government. We have already been made familiar with the office of the colonial agent in the administration of the continental colonies. An interesting parallel is found in the history of the West Indian agencies—a field which hitherto has remained quite undeveloped. Dr. Penson has made excellent use of the abundant manuscript materials in the Public Record Office and the British Museum and has had the advantage of such unofficial material, of inestimable value, as is found in the records of the Society of West India Merchants, and the letter books of Messrs. Lascelles and Maxwell, prominent West Indian merchants.

The origin of the agencies in the several West Indian groups is treated in a thoroughly adequate manner. It is interesting here to note that in the West Indies, as in the American colonies and later in Canada, in the absence of responsible government the popular assembly representing distinctly colonial interests is compelled to fall back on the services of an agent in presenting colonial opinion to the authorities in London. This conflict between Governor and Assembly continues to determine the character of the problem of the appointment and control of the agent. A most instructive chapter deals with the functions of the colonial agents. The intimate connection between the London West India merchants and, on the one hand, the economic development of the colonies, and, on the other, the Board of Trade and other controlling bodies, is very clearly demonstrated. The West India group of merchants possessed a coherence of organization and an effectiveness in influencing policy which is unequalled by any other mercantile interest. With the Treaty of Paris and with the loss of the American colonies, new conditions were introduced which made a change in the office of agent inevit-

able. The Crown Colony System gradually took shape and the surviving agencies became mixed in the 'Agents General of the Crown Colonies'.

Dr. Penson's book represents careful and exhaustive research; its conclusions are thoroughly sound; it makes a most valuable contribution to the story of the development of the institutions of Colonial Government.

### Music

**Musical Appreciation and the Studio Club**, by Eva Clare (Longmans; pp. xi+189; \$2.00).

Books on musical appreciation nowadays come not as single spies but in battalions. This little volume, however, approaches the subject from a somewhat unusual angle, and may be commended as a useful addition to the shelves of either teacher or student. The first part deals with the Studio Club, its relation to musical education in general, and details of its organization. At the end are a number of suggested programmes and an extensive—perhaps too extensive—list of books for the Club library, while the bulk of the book is taken up by a number of biographical essays on some of the great composers. These essays, while not embodying anything in the way of original research, are very readable, and if read either in private or at a club meeting will doubtless assist materially in giving the student an historical background which in many cases he or she sadly lacks. The composers are not dealt with merely as personalities, but also as typical figures. The essay on Schumann, for instance, includes a few admirable paragraphs on Romanticism; that on Chopin includes a brief historical review of the development of the piano and piano playing; that on Liszt, a discussion of Programme Music; and so on.

One might take exception to certain details. The student who reads the phrase, 'Bach, living in an age of counterpoint.....' is apt to gather that contrapuntal music is essentially a thing of the past, which is certainly not so. The essay on Bach is not, as a whole, up to the standard of the rest of the book; one paragraph on page 38, too long to quote here, is unclear, trying as it does to cram too much information into a small space. At times there is unnecessary detail, as when we are told that Schubert was only 31 years 9 months and 19 days old when he died in 1828'. The statement on page 108 that 'as the status of programme music is still a matter of controversy, Liszt has never received that general recognition which is due him as the creator of the symphonic poem', is misleading. One may approve of the principle of programme music and yet question the musical value of any particular example. No one, surely, would dispute the *historical* importance of Liszt. Again, on page 52, the word 'sonare' is translated as 'a

sounding-piece'; it is, of course, a verb, and is used in the sense of 'play' (an instrument) as well as that of 'sound'. But these are almost entirely faults of detail, and the book as a whole deserves commendation, as it is evidently the result of much experience and wide reading. It is well printed and neatly bound.

#### Miscellaneous

**Spinoza, Descartes and Maimonides**, by Leon Roth (Oxford; pp. 148; \$2.50).

Dr. Leon Roth, Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Manchester, has reprinted in this book two essays previously published in *Mind* and completed the subject by two additional essays on Maimonides and his relation to Spinoza. The first two essays are valuable for the clear explanation of the exact difference between the views of Spinoza and Descartes. Dr. Roth shows very accurately how and why the Cartesian emphasis on the will in man and God led to a profound scepticism, since in reality Nature could not logically be regarded as the sphere of invariable laws. This was opposed by Spinoza whose version was primarily a defence of the concept of order. In the language of the period both positions were expressed as doctrines of the attributes of God and are usually, though unfortunately, judged as mainly theological. They are in fact developments of the perpetual controversy between voluntarism and intellectualism. Dr. Roth maintains that Spinoza was directly indebted to Maimonides. This has been admitted by other writers but usually with many reserves and qualifications. The evidence quoted by Dr. Roth throws much light on the question. It serves to show that we have still much to learn about the exact bearing of mediaeval thought on those whom we too easily classify as modern philosophers. Dr. Roth's work is well documented and has distinctive value for all students of the great philosophic tradition.

**The Home of an Eastern Clan: a Study of the Palaungs of the Shan States**, by Mrs. Leslie Milne (Oxford, Clarendon Press; pp. viii+428; \$5.25).

Mrs. Milne patiently acquired the language of the Palaungs, a people of the mountain country of the Burmese border. As she learned it she learned also from them their customs, ceremonies, institutions, folk-tales, and habits, and set them down in a book. She tells a good story in this regard. Desiring to elicit from a group of Palaungs the native word for 'jump' she performed several times the appropriate action, whereupon they all said *ru*, which she took to be the required term, only to discover at a later date that it meant 'mad'! The method of question and answer, as a means of learning the life of a people, has its limitations. The picture we are given of the Palaungs is a very



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agreeable one. To them might be applied the Homeric epithet, the 'blameless Palaungs'. But perhaps they didn't tell everything. Mrs. Milne remained the English lady conversing with natives. As such she gathered a great store of information about the folkways' that is well worth preserving and makes a delightful book.

**English Society in the Eighteenth Century: as Influenced from Oversea**, by J. Barrett Botsford, (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii+388; \$3.00).

It is astonishing what a difference the passing of a few generations makes on the surface of human affairs. To us the English society of the eighteenth century seems almost as remote as that of China. Little more than twice the span scripturally allotted to a lifetime brings us back to the days when coffee-houses were still the resort of fashion and men put pictures of their ladies in the lids of their snuff-boxes, when duels were the honourable mode of settling personal disputes, and when spices and slaves were two of the staples of foreign trade, when America was a 'colony' and Canada the remote source of sealskins and furs. An excellent description of these days, well-documented and yet very readable, is provided by Mr. Botsford. He does not get far below the surface or explain with much insight the social changes which occurred within the century, nor does he sufficiently justify the addition to his title of the rather curious phrase 'as influenced from overseas', but he has arranged a considerable amount of interesting facts into a pleasing narrative.

**Israel before Christ**, by A. W. F. Blunt, (Oxford; pp. 143; 75c).

This is a volume in the new series entitled 'The World's Manuals'. The period of the Manual seems to have reached its height and to be on the wane. The effect of popularizing knowledge through the small text-book has been to create a demand for a somewhat larger and more technical treatment of scientific subjects, such as Prof. J. A. Thompson's *System of Animate Nature* represents. This is a reliable and fairly readable sketch of the history and development of the Jewish people up to the time of Christ. It offers nothing new either in the account of the history or the religion of Israel, but furnishes a sound and accurate introduction to the modern critical view-point of Jewish history.

**Education and Life**, edited by J. A. Dale (Oxford; pp. 316; 3.00).

Professor Dale has made a notable contribution to the cause of education by preserving in permanent form the pith and marrow of the National Conference in Education and Citizenship held in Toronto last year. Those who were fortunate enough to hear the addresses no doubt still trail 'clouds of glory'. For the others, who in all likelihood will merely recall that such a conference took place and that great names resounded, this book is published. Here to their hand, they will find 'Literature and Humanity', by Sir Henry Newbolt; 'Personality and Character', by Sir Michael Sadler; 'Education and New Citizenship', by Lord Robert Cecil; 'History and Education', by Principal Hutton; 'Literature and Leisure', by Dean Gordon Laing; and many other brilliant and stimulating addresses by eminent authorities on education.

One notes the absence from this collection of any address or comment from those now going through the educational process. Perhaps at some future date, Professor Dale might find it worth his while to collect sketches on 'Education by the Educated'. For ourselves, we agree with Carlyle, 'get your man and all is done'.

**An introduction to economics for Canadian readers**, by D. A. MacGibbon (MacMillans in Canada; pp. 203; \$1.00).

According to the prefatory note, "the only reason for the appearance of this book is that while there are quite a number of excellent elementary texts, none has been written with a Canadian background. This book is intended to fill the gap. It aims to give the Canadian beginner in economics a simple and concise introduction to the subject".

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fish (p. 27). There is the usual deification of the entrepreneur and the usual commendation to sobriety and thrift, and of course the usual quotations are made from Adam Smith, 'The Great Scotch economist.'

What of the Canadian background? Canadian statistics relating to various topics are sprinkled through the book, but the background is largely limited to a description of co-operation in Canada, the banking system, transportation and public finance. These sections are very much the best in the book.

There is no necessity for elaborating on the weaknesses of the work. The more recent advances in economic theory have been practically disregarded. Nothing is added to the subject unless the omission of the marginal productivity theory may be called an addition.



### THE TREND OF BUSINESS

By Philip Woolfson, A.M.

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employ- ment in Canada (2)	av. Price of 30 Canadian Securi- ties (3)	Cost of Se- lected Fam- ily Bud- get (4)
1924				
Oct.	-----	93.9	94.9	-----
Sept.	172.9	93.1	94.7	\$20.28
Aug.	175.5	94.7	92.2	\$20.57
July	179.0	95.9	90.7	\$20.30
1923				
Sept.	178.8	100.0	90.0	\$20.97
Aug.	178.6	100.2	88.5	\$21.03

(1) Michell. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-1909.

(2) Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17th. 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

(3) Michell. The following common stock quotations are included among others:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumer's Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, Canada Steamships.

(4) *Labour Gazette* (Ottawa).

(Continued from Page 39)

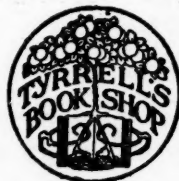
port. Far from it. Mr. Robb merely engineered a safe passage for his first budget. It was a case of sessional tactics—mere troop parade, and not arm, manoeuvres. A worth while bid for the support of the west at the next election would have to be on much grander scale and the dangers in such a line of action are too real and the possible gains too problematical (as Mr. King will discover) to warrant any further concessions than are necessary to keep the Progressive votes on the government side during the remaining sessions of parliament. Therefore the west will make no mistake in discounting the Premier's impassioned utterances to the effect that he has the future of the prairies close clasped to his heart, and will be quite right in reserving the major bursts of applause for the home talent.

\* \* \*

As was forecast, Mr. King has been entertained royally and, between banquets, has been pilled with endless requests and demands for this public work and the other. The Hudson Bay railway advocates have made a tremendous effort. In Winnipeg, the Premier declared that although a believer in the scheme, he did not think it advisable to complete the project until conditions improved—and in this attitude he was at one with Mr. Meighen—but the flood of delegations swept him far from these moorings and by the time he had reached Saskatoon, the storm centre of the Hudson Bay railway propaganda, the Premier was unable, apparently to touch bottom. Press reports of the Saskatoon speech were attenuated and somewhat vague but it appears that Mr. King declared that the upper chamber was the one obstacle to the completion of the line to the Bay. Until the senate was reformed, there would be no chance of an appropriation for the road, he is reported to have said. At this writing the Premier has still to make his return trip through the Hudson Bay railway 'belt', and in view of the rapid developments on the westbound trip it would be foolhardy to forecast the position of the Bay road when he returns to the capital.

\* \* \*

Mr. Meighen is indebted to the antagonistic press of Montreal for the national ovation he has received as the leader of the Conservative party. Since his leadership has been called into question, practically every Conservative organization from the Atlantic to the Pacific has endorsed him. Even the Conservative Association of Montreal has passed a resolution expressing complete confidence in him. The *Gazette* and the *Star* may have spoken for the blue-blooded Toryism of St. James' Street; but the rank and file, whose political creed is broad enough to support public ownership and even railway nationalization, have other views.



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PROFESSOR MICHELL presents three sets of facts in his monthly Index of General Business Conditions in Canada. These series appear in his charts in an unfamiliar form because they have first been put through the crucible of his chosen statistical method. The data selected and the treatment applied cannot be described better than in Professor Michell's own words. What follows is taken from the *Monetary Times* of June 20th last.

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'The third index used is the ratio of current loans to the total assets of the Canadian chartered banks. In Canada there is no "money market" as in London and New York, where money is dealt in freely and constantly, and where the rates on loans, call and for periods up to 60 and 90 days, vary from day to day. We must, therefore, find some other index than money rates, as are used by the Harvard service. The ratio of loans to assets provides such an index and affords an indication of the state of finance of undoubtedly great value.

'We have now presented reasons for the employment of three statistical series in our system,

it now remains to say a little of the methods of analysis employed. In the first place, in the treatment of all statistics extending over a long period there are two tendencies that must be eliminated, long time growth and seasonal variation. Long time growth or, as the statistician calls it "secular trend," is present in practically all historical statistical series. For instance, it is well known that prices of all commodities have, with certain short periods of recession, appreciated since the beginning of the century, the same is true of stock exchange values. If, therefore, these curves were plotted on a graph the effect would be to show a rising line from left to right depicting the "secular trend" upwards. This tendency is eliminated by a simple mathematical device. A straight line, also running upwards from left to right, is fitted to the actual curve, running through them. This straight line is calculated by the mathematical formula known as "least squares," but since the exposition is not dealing with statistical technicalities, it is quite unnecessary to go into the exact working of this method. Deviations from this straight line are then calculated for every month's figures of the actual curve under treatment, these being expressed as percentages plus or minus of the line of secular trend. For instance the actual index of wholesale prices for any month may be 155, but the line of secular trend stands perhaps at 150. There is, therefore, a deviation of plus 5, or expressed as a percentage of 150, of plus 3.3. The effect of this is to eliminate the sloping trend of all the series, so that they rise or fall about a straight horizontal line, marked O in the charts. Finally every figure in all the series is corrected by what mathematicians call their "standard deviation," a device whereby widely dissimilar series may be compared together on equal terms. In the case of the three series presented in the charts there does not happen to be found any very distinct seasonal variation such for instance as is so noticeable in the figures for imports and exports which rush up during the season of navigation and fall during the winter months. Since it has not been found necessary to eliminate seasonal variation here it is not in place to describe the mathematical formula which is necessary to deal with this disturbing element.'

Both the selected series and the statistical method suggest certain comments. It may be said in advance that these comments are not destructive. There is no doubt of the great usefulness of this index, and such criticism as presents itself should be regarded by the reader, not as the disparagement of a pioneer Canadian achievement, but rather as an appraisal of its precision, and a search for the means of further improvement.

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